

THE CONSUL'S LIFE IS NOT A
HAPPY ONE.

[By Bret Harte, late U. S. Consul to Glasgow.]
I'm acquainted with affliction, chiefly in the form of fiction, as it's offered up by strangers at the Consul's open door;

And I know all kinds of sorrow that relief would try to borrow with various sums, from sixpence upwards to a penny more!

And I think I know how all fancy styles of active mendicancy, from the helpless Irish soldier who mixed in our country's war;

And who laid in Libby Prison in a war that wasn't his'n, and I sent back to the country—that he never saw before.

I know the wretched seaman who was tortured by a demon captain till he fled in terror with his wages in arrears;

And I've given him sufficient to ship as an efficient and active malefactor with a gentle privateer.

Oh, I know the wealthy tourist who (through accident the purest) lost his letters, watch and wallet from the cold deck coming over;

And I heeded that preamble and lent him enough to gamble till he won back all his money on "a cold deck" here ashore!

I have tickets bought for mothers and their babes—that were another's—and their husbands who not always could be claimed as theirs alone;

Till I've come to the conclusion that for ethical confusion and immoral contributions I have little left unknown!

Flashes of Fun.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort cums an old shu."

"Were you ever caught in a sudden squall?" asked an old yatchman of a worthy citizen. "Well, I guess so," responded the good man. "I have helped to bring up eight babies!"

A snow-white hen in Georgia, hatched out five black chickens and killed every one as they left the shell. She didn't want the other hens to eye her suspiciously and talk about her.

Dr. Gelle, of Paris, has found that twenty to twenty-five per cent, of children hear only within a limited range. Parents who have had occasion to call the little ones into the house when at play have long been aware of this curious fact.

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. "A man," he says, "is oftentimes attached to an old hat, but who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

Nothing makes a Kentucky man so disgusted with himself as to learn from a scientific work that three-fourths of the human body is composed of water. He regards it as a mean slur on the quality of the whisky he drinks.

Wendell Phillips was once waiting for a train at Essex Junction, Vt., where passengers exercised at times great patience. He saw a graveyard away from the village, near the depot, and very full. He inquired the reason, and a Green-Mountaineer calmly informed him that it was used to bury passengers in who died waiting for the train.

"What do you charge a quart for your milk here?" asked a man, as he put his head in at the door of a milk-shop. "Eight cents," was the reply. "Ain't you got any for seven cents?" "No," said the proprietor; "but," he added, "we can soon make you some."

A locomotive engineer, who had just been discharged for some cause, gave vent to his spite by saying that it was about time he left the company anyhow, for the sake of his life, for "there was nothing left of the track but two streaks of rust and the right of way."

A railroad conductor bet Gorman, of Quincy, Ill., that he could not pick up 100 eggs laid on the ground a yard apart inside of thirty-five minutes. The eggs were to be picked up and deposited in a basket, one at a time, and the basket was to remain stationary where the first egg was placed. Gorman thought he had an easy walk-over, but the railroad men placed the eggs in a straight line along the side of the depot, and the basket at one end, so that Gorman had to run up and down the line with each egg separately. At the end of twenty minutes he had picked up only twenty-five of the eggs, and had to give up the contest. A local mathematician figured up that it would take about six miles of travel to pick up the 100 eggs.

"My daughter, you ought to have some aim in life," said a father to his sixteen-year old. "Oh! I am going to, papa!" was the enthusiastic reply. "I have got my beau already."

There is a statute of Henry Clay in the Capitol Square at Richmond, Va. Two colored girls were promenading the square one afternoon, when one was overheard to say to the other: "Dat's Clay." "Who you trying to fool? Dat's marbul; an' you knows it!" replied her indignant friend.

It often occurs that doctors do not care to tell patients the whole truth. An Austin doctor has a very neat way of encouraging the patient, and at the same time he does not deviate from the truth.

"Doctor, please examine my chest. There is something the matter with my lungs," said a man far gone in consumption.

The doctor examined the patient's chest, and consoled him by saying: "You just go home, and don't bother about your lungs."

"Is there nothing the matter with them?"

"I don't say that there is nothing the matter with them, but they will last you until you draw your last breath and you certainly will not have any use for them after that."

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day, "now I can breathe. The air is so stifling. Why don't you have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit next to an open window I certainly believe I should die." Presently a slender female sitting directly back leaned over and asked her if she wouldn't just as lieve close that window, as the draught was more than she could stand. "No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it is with it open, and now you want it shut, but I shall not shut it; so there."

"Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat." Just then a gentleman sitting close by, reached over and said: "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference as the car has double windows, and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still down." Then the one that raised the window turned to the other, and with a crushed look on her face said: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at last."

HOW WARS ORIGINATE.

"Papa, how do nations get into war?" asked Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain—they came near getting into war because a spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. Seasonby, "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason."

"No dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent—"

"Put down your cane you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling-pin at your head, you old—"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy. "I guess I know how wars begin."—Chicago News.

CAUGHT IT ALL ALONE.

On the boat coming down from the Flats the other evening was a young man and a black bass. They were a pair. That is, the young man had in some way accumulated the fish, which was dead. He was such a guileless-looking young man that several parties thought to guy him and his catch. The fish was hanging to a peg, and with it a pair of small balances, which enable a fisherman to weigh his victims providing they don't go over twenty pounds.

"Catch it all alone?" asked one.

No reply.

"Pull very hard?" asked a second.

No reply.

"Were you much over three days about it?" queried a third, and so it went on for ten minutes, while the

fisherman had nothing to say. At length one of the crowd remarked:

"That bass will weigh all of half a pound."

"I doubt it," replied another.

"Say, fisherman, what are the figures?"

"Two pounds," was the solemn answer.

"Get out!"

The man pulled a ten-dollar bill from his vest pocket and laid it on his knee and said:

"If he don't the money is yours. put up!"

After some hesitation a shake purse of \$10 was raised, the fish hung to the scales, and he showed an ounce over. The crowd kicked on the scales, and the fish was weighed in the steamer's pantry. The figures held good, but he was weighed again when the boat landed, and the money had to be passed over.

"How did you do it?" asked a policeman when the crowd had dispersed.

"Simply poured seventeen ounces of bird-shot down his throat," was the reply; and he let the fish's head drop and the shot pattered out on the wharf like a young hailstorm.—Detroit Free Press.

There are more young American men in the penitentiaries in this country learning trades than there are outside of them. The principal cause of this is that we are educating young men for gentlemen—trying to make lawyers, preachers, doctors and clerks out of material that nature intended for blacksmiths, carpenters, sailors, and other honest "heavers of wood and drawers of water." It is a mistake, and a big one too, to teach the boys and girls to believe that to labor is disgraceful, and to do nothing for a living is more becoming the society in which they expect to move and have respect. Hang such society! It is rotten to the core to-day, and there are many men's sons and daughters, who are now being educated to play the part of "leading lady" and "walking gentleman" in the great drama of life, who will light out for a poor house or a penitentiary before they have played their parts and the curtain drops.

Young man! get thee to a tannery, to a tinshop, to a chicken-ranche. You can soon become your own boss, independent and commander of your own little kingdom, if you are prudent and economical, but never wear out your young years behind either counter or desk and spend your salary for having your hair parted in the middle in the hope of catching the heiress who prefers her father's coachman. Boys, you can always become clerks and pot-house politicians; everybody can sell dry goods and clothing, and act as clerk in the mint, custom-house or post-office, but every one can't earn a living like a good mechanic if he is thrown out of office.

TOO MUCH FASHION.

The majority of the community live beyond their means. Because our neighbors indulge in certain luxuries of life which they can perhaps afford, we must imitate them, no matter what financial distress may ensue. If not the merchant, then the banker, clerk, book-keeper or mechanic, all striving to accomplish the same impossibility—the appearance they cannot well afford. It is this monster fashion, which plays so much havoc with many of our best people, this aping of the rich ones, this desire to "show up," but the millennium must come, and down they go struggling and fighting to keep up, but nevertheless down, down they go until the bottom is reached. Our social system is a hollow sham, moulded by fashion, which has destroyed our homelife. It has made little men and women out of our boys and girls, thwarted the destinies of thousands who but for its dictates would today be happy fathers and mothers.

A. R.

Goldsboro, N. C.

HE HAD NO BUSINESS IN EUROPE.

Yes, sir," said the American millionaire, as he consulted the bill of fare in a Parisian cafe, "I delight in travel. When I was a boy, working for \$2 a week, I used to think what a grand thing it would be if I had money to travel all over the world. I resolved then that if ever I became rich I would see the noted places of the earth. Well, I made money, and here I am at Páree on my tour of observation. When an American citizen, sir, gets the travel

fever on him, his country, big as it is, is too small to hold him."

"Yees, your country ees a big country," said his French acquaintance, who sat opposite to him.

"Big country," exclaimed the American, striking the table with his hand; "it is the biggest country in the world."

"I've been there," said the Frenchman; "it is full of wonderful sights, Niagara Falls, for instance."

"Never saw it," said the American; "never could find time to visit it."

"And de Yosemite Valley, continued the Frenchman.

"Never had a chance to go there," said the American.

"And de Yellowstone Park."

"Heard lots about it, but never could find time to visit it."

"And de Mammoth Cave of Kentucky."

"Blamed if I ever thought of visiting that."

"De palisades of de Hudson—"

"Whew! Did intend to see them, but always had so much to look after, you know, and—"

"And the scenery, magnifique at de White Mountains—"

"Never could find time to take a trip up there, by gosh."

"Of course you have seen de Thousand Islands, and de rapids of de St. Lawrence, Lake George, Lake Champlain and all dose beautiful places?"

"Never had time to visit any of those places. Always had too much business on hand."

"Why come to see de tame scenery of Europe when you haven't seen de grand scenery and de wonders of your own country?"

"Because I'm a dinged fool. I'll go right home on the next boat. A man who hasn't been any further east than Swampscott and any further west than North Adams in his own country has no business in Europe."

NO MATTER.

He was reading a novel, and his white plug hat rested on the seat beside him. He did not notice the stoppage of the train nor realize that an old lady was searching for a seat. His mind finally drifted off the story to find her snugly ensconced beside him.

"Madam, I had a hat in this seat," he cautiously observed.

"Don't doubt it, sir, she replied, as she disposed of her satchel.

"And you probably sat on it."

"Shouldn't a bit wonder."

"In which case the hat must be completely wrecked."

"It certainly must, and therefore there is no need of my getting up until they call out my station. Please hist up the winder. I allus did like the smell of coal smoke."—N. Y. Sun.

AN OLD COMPLAINT.

Anxious Mother—"Edward, I wish you would go up stairs and see Charles. The poor boy is in great distress."

Unfeeling Father—"What ails him?"

"Remorse. I forbade him to go fishing with the Simpson boys and he went. He is very much grieved over his disobedience, and is really sick—and so pale and weak!"

"Yes, I saw him as he went up stairs. Make yourself easy, my dear. There's another name for it beside Remorse. It is generally known as His First Cigar."—Call.

—They tell this story of the widow of President Buchanan's first postmaster-general: She had been married before and so had Postmaster-General Brown, and each had a daughter left over from the first marriage. Then they had another daughter. Mrs. Brown used to present them at her receptions in this way: "This is Miss Brown, Mr. Brown's daughter by his first wife; this is Miss Sanders, my daughter by my first husband, and this is Miss Brown, our joint daughter."

AN ATOM OF MUSK.—The odoriferous molecule of musk is so infinitesimally small as to be detected only by the sense of smell, no magnifying power having yet been invented which will enable the human eye to discern it. Place one of these atoms in an unventilated room and the atmosphere will soon become unbearable from its "heaviness of perfume." A grain of musk will scent millions of cubic feet of air without sustaining any appreciable loss of weight. Owing to its superlative strength the musk of commerce is enormously adulterated with dried blood, leather fragments, and similar substances.—The American Field.

With Cotton at Eight and a Half Cents, Poor

Crops and Bad Prices

WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 1, 1885.

The situation of our Farmers, and more especially of those in the Eastern Counties, is a serious one. With cotton at 8½ cents and everything else in the same proportion, it is doubtful whether our people can make cotton at all with the old method. Thousands of thoughtful men all through the South are considering earnestly this question: WHAT SHALL BE DONE? With prices of their products way down and the prices of all they buy not reduced in the same proportion, what shall be done to feed the family, buy clothes and send the children to school during this New Year? All this time sensible men are cutting down every expense and resolving that they will make more at home. Milk, meat, vegetables must be made in larger quantities and groceries saved; corn, oats and grass must be provided for the horses, cows and hogs. High-priced fertilizers and every extra thing are entirely out of the question. The wise man will buy the cheapest and best ingredients only and make fertilizers at home this year.

At this time, THE NORTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE COMPANY, an exclusively North Carolina Company, working nothing but North Carolina material, wants to inform the prudent men just described how they can help themselves and help a home enterprise by buying LIME PHOSPHATE, the cheapest Phosphate ever sold in North Carolina. It is to the interest of every farmer in North Carolina to write to the NORTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE COMPANY at Raleigh, N. C., and learn how to save money and make a good fertilizer that will make a good crop at a very low price.

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